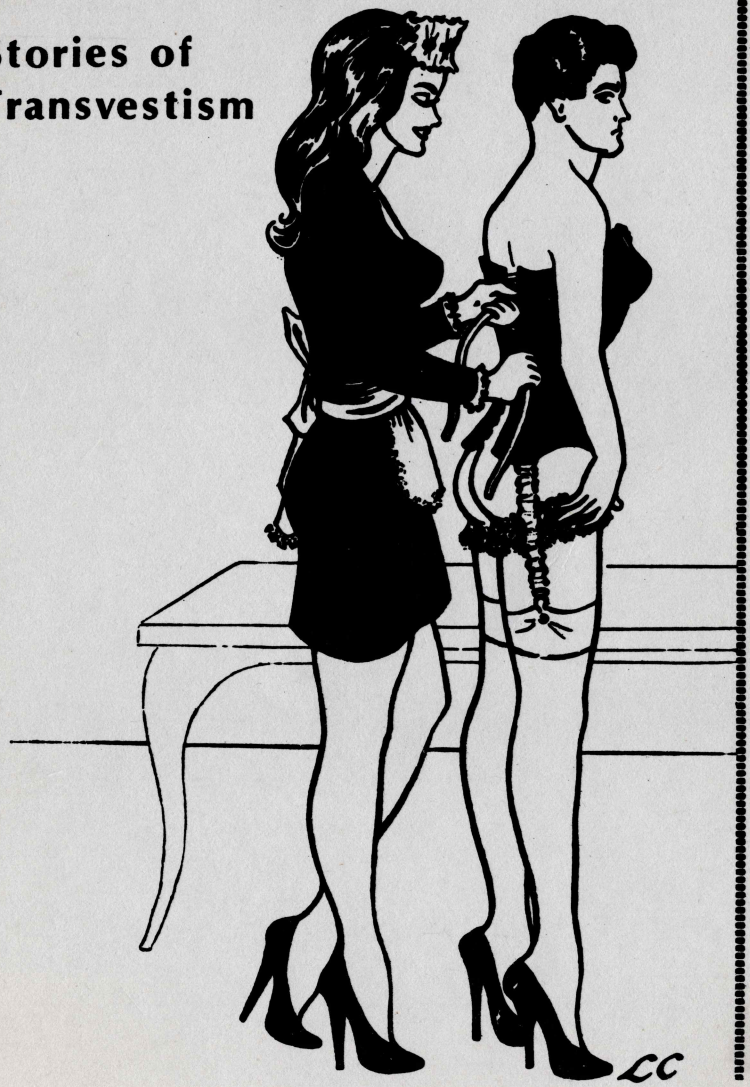
TURNABOUT PRESENTS

THE CORSET

Stories of
Transvestism



By NAN GILBERT

DOUBLE SWITCH ..... by Nan Gilbert

Bobby and Mary were twins, fourteen and the despair of their mother, who was at her wits' end trying to deal with them. Rather than the sweetly demure daughter she'd hoped she'd be able to rear, Mary was an out-and-out tomboy and created a terrible fuss when she had to lay aside her sweaters and blue jeans to wear frillies and frocks. Bobby was forever getting into all kinds of rowdy mischief and was becoming the bane of his mother's existence.

In sheer desperation their mother asked the advice of her sister Martha, outlining in detail the problems she was having with her children. After some thought, Martha said that if she could have control of the children for one year, they would return to their mother remarkably changed.

The twins' Aunt Martha owned an estate near a remote village. The people of the town were always intrigued when she did her weekly shopping, for she drove up the street in her long sleek Rolls Royce limousine and it was always chauffeured by a pretty young woman dressed in male livery. It usually created a stir, but nobody dared pry into the mystery, since Aunt Martha owned most of the town's properties.

Bobby and Mary were met at the railway station and promptly packed into the Rolls. While they knew that their Aunt Martha was a bit eccentric, the twins had not expected anything so strange as a woman chauffeur wearing male attire. Nor was Aunt Martha inclined to offer any explanation.

As the limousine drew up before the steps leading up to the spacious mansion, two smartly uniformed maids hurried down the steps and gathered up their luggage. They were met in the hallway by a severely dressed, grim-faced (or so Bobby thought) young woman.

"You will show the children to their quarters, Miss Ingrid, and see that they are properly ..." Aunt Martha emphasized the word "... dressed!"

"Yes, Madame," the woman replied. her glance falling on Bobby. Her cold stare sent a chill running up and down his spine, and he almost shuddered. "Come, Master Bobby and Miss Mary!" she ordered in a tone of voice which left no doubt that they were expected to give instant obedience.

Mary took hold of Bobby's hand as they followed Miss Ingrid, as if she too sensed somethig odd about the atmosphere of Aunt Martha's household and was seeking comfort from him. At the top of the winding staircase was a long carpeted corridor with a number of closed doors leading off it.

They stopped before one of the doors and Miss Ingrid motioned for Mary to enter. Mary gave Bobby a frightened glance before disappearing inside, and Bobby suddenly was very much alone in the world, he felt. A few more steps, and Bobby was shown into his room.

He entered hesitantly, and then he shrank back as he found himself in the daintily appointed room of a young girl, everything ultra-feminine in decor.

"But this is a girl's room!" exclaimed Bobby in protest.

"Nonetheless, it will be your room all the while you are here," Miss Ingrid said coldly. "Now, undress yourself and prepare for your bath!"

"But I don't need a bath! I just had one this morning!"

"Young man, you will do as you're told or I shall give you a sound switching!"

Her tone struck terror in his heart. "Yes, ma'am," he answered meekly.

Miss Ingrid went to the door and called, "Marie ... please come in here!"

A moment later a trim young maid entered the room, adding to Bobby's growing consternation. "You will help Master Bobby disrobe and then give him his bath. I'll have his new clothes laid out for him upon his return."

"What new clothes?" cried Bobby, shrinking away from her.

"Come, Master Bobby, let me help you!" Marie said, smiling at him.

He continued to back away, protesting that he was fully able to undress himself and for her to leave the room this instant. She merely shook her head and moved closer to him while Miss Ingrid looked on, approving. "If he gives you any trouble, Marie, just call me," she said as she left the room.

Despite Bobby's frantic struggles and shouted protests, he found himself easy prey for this determined woman and soon he was completely nude. He wondered, amid his shame, what Marie meant when she surveyed his naked form and commented that he had a very nice figure. With that, she marched him into the bathroom and ordered him into the tub. The fumes of the heavily perfumed water rose to assault his nostrils as Marie thoroughly scrubbed him with beauty soap. Not a mound or crevice escaped her attention. Afterward, he was towelled dry with a terry-cloth towel, dusted with fragrant body talc, and returned to his dainty room.

His terror increased as he looked about for his male clothing only to find it had disappeared. In its place was an array of elaborately frilled girl's clothes. Oh, no! he said to himself. They wouldn't make him wear girl's clothes! He'd die first!

"What are those ... those clothes doing in my room?" he demanded, trying desperately to make his voice sound authoritative.

"Why, they are for you to wear at tea time, silly!" Marie replied with a tinkling laugh.

"I won't wear them! I won't! You're not going to make me wear them!"

"Please, Master Bobby, don't be difficult. Your aunt has ordered that you be dressed in them, and I shall carry out her instructions to the letter. Your aunt knows what is best for you."

Marie picked up a frilled pink silk

vest and moved toward Bobby, who beat a hasty retreat, shouting protests. "Very well," she said. "If you're going to give me a hard time, I must call for assistance. But into these clothes you are going, of that you may be certain!" She laid down the dainty vest and went to the door to summon another maid. Between them, in spite of frantic struggling and sobbed pleading, they pulled the little vest over his head and then put him into a childish pair of matching panties, followed by a flaring petticoat. Over that came white organdy frock with ruffles at the sleeves. He was finally led over to the full-length mirror so as to view the results of their labors.

Horrified, he saw himself wearing a dainty childish frock which barely came to mid-thigh. Short-sleeved, it was fashioned with a triple flounced skirt of white eyelet lace, each hem beaded with narrow pink satin ribbon, with a bow tied prettily at his left side. The frock revealed his lace panties at every turn. On his feet were placed white ankle socks and patent-leather cross-strap shoes.

"Doesn't he look perfectly sweet in a frock?" one of his tormentors inquired.

Before the other could reply, Bobby shouted, "I do not! I'm not a girl! I won't wear girl's clothes!" He matched his protest with action and tried to tear the hated dreass off. The maids grabbed his wrists, drew them behind his back, and secured them with a length of satin ribbon. His bravado gone, Bobby burst into tears.

"Why, he even weeps like a girl!" said Marie. Then both of them laughed gaily as he struggled in vain to free himself.

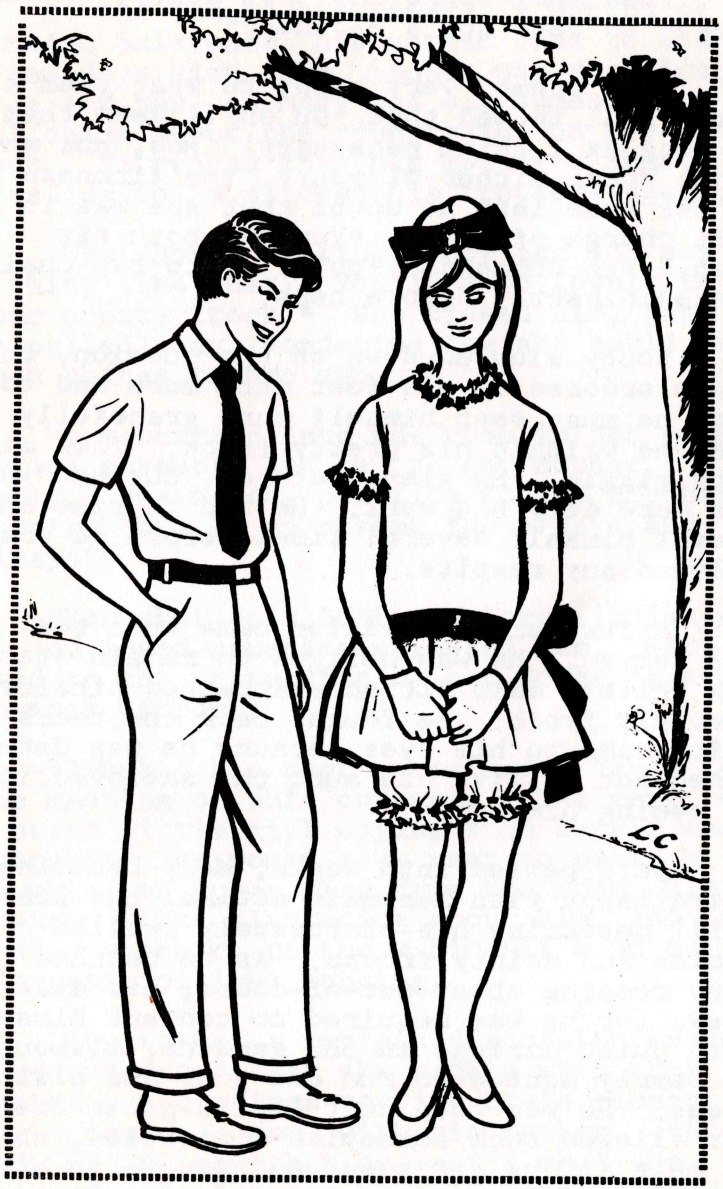
Before he left the room, his face had been prettied with cosmetics and his hair — oh, why had he allowed it to grow long in the mod style other boys were wearing! — was now prettily coiffed into a girl's style set off with a little pink satin bow. It took the strength of both maids to drag him into the corridor, sobbing in outrage. Finally, however, he calmed down a bit and they were able to release his wrists after he promised not to try to ruin his frock.

Marched down to the drawing room where his aunt awaited his arrival, he was completely stunned to his sister Mary standing there dressed as a boy and sobbing away at having been given a short haircut, almost as short as a boy's.

"Well, children, how do you like your new clothes?" Aunt Martha asked with a gay little laugh.

Bobby let loose a flood of invective at his aunt ending with, "Why have I been dressed this way in these silly clothes? I <u>demand</u> that you give me my own clothes back once more!"

His aunt laughed, then grew serious: "Young man, I never wish to hear you use that tone of voice again in this house. You <u>demand</u> — humph! You will dress in the manner which I think best for you, so you may as well make up your mind to that this minute! Indeed, I have ways to curb your boisterousness and lack of manners!"



Then Mary spoke up: "But Aunty, why do I have to wear boy's clothes?"

"You seemed very happy to wear them at home, so I intend that you shall wear them as long as I think necessary! Now, not another word, either of you!" The firmness of her tone left no doubt that she was in full charge of them. "You may both sit down," she commanded, pointing to two chairs placed directly before hers.

Bobby slumped down on the cushion, only to be ordered to his feet once more and told that he must seat himself more gracefully lest he wrinkle his pretty frock. This made Mary giggle. He glared at her, but he did not dare defy his aunt. He had to rise and reseat himself several times before he was allowed any respite.

A further humiliation came when tea was served. He was obliged to remain standing while a maid fitted a strached pinafore over his frock. He fought back the tears which came to his eyes because he was determined not to give his aunt the satisfaction of seeing him cry.

Days passed into weeks, Mary becoming quite happy with her male attire, but Bobby still detesting his elaborately frilled undies and dainty frocks. As he watched Mary romping about out-of-doors, his misery grew, for he was required to content himself with quiet airings in the gardens, although he dearly wanted to run and jump and climb trees. He was told that little girls are not allowed such tomboyish activities, that he must always act sweet and demure in his lacy lingerie and pretty skirts.

At the end of his first six months of girlish existence, his mother came to spend a few days with them. Bobby was the first to greet her, as Mary was out somewhere, galloping about the countryside on horseback. He rushed into his mother's arms, pleading to be allowed his trousers again.

"Why, Bobby darling! How can you say a thing like that? You look so lovely in your pretty frock." She kissed him, but he pulled away, wondering how she could say such things to her own son.

Mary hurried into the room in her smart riding ensemble and ran to her mother. "Oh, Mommy," she asked, pointing to her brother, "can't Bobby be my sister for always and always?"

"You shut up!" Bobby declared indignantly and moved menacingly toward her. Mary fled to the protection of her mother's arms in mock terror.

"BOBBY!" his aunt exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this outburst. The very idea, a sweet little girl saying such horrid mean things!" The women gave vent to peals of laughter as Bobby fled from the room, his pretty skirts fluttering about him, and dashed upstairs to throw himself down on his satin pillow, sobbing.

Downstairs, a serious discussion ensued. Mary suggested that she remain with Aunt Martha and continue wearing boy's clothes. Bobby could go home with his mother. "Nobody would know that he wasn't me," she pointed out, "unless he told them himself. And I'm sure he wouldn't do that."

"Well, I don't know, dear. We'll see," her mother replied. When Mary persisted, she said, "Now, dear, no teasing. I will let you know my decision at dinner."

"Run along dear," Aunt Martha chided. "Your mother and I have much to discuss."

That evening at dinner, their mother gave her answer. Mary was to be allowed to remain with Aunt Martha, while Bobby was to return home with his mother as "Mary." The enormity of this decision brought on a veritable flood of tears from Bobby.

"Please, Mother! Please don't say that! Please don't do this to me!" But it was no use. Her mind was made up.

The next day, Bobby's pretty undies and frocks were packed carefully and he left for home to commence his new life.

Did Bobby continue to resent his life in frillies? This question would be answered fully if one could have seen him a year later mincing daintily along at his mother's side on a shopping trip to purchase a new frock or new bit of lingerie ... or if one could watch him in his unguarded moments revelling in the soft luxury of his silken garments, tingling from head to toe as he manipulated his little symbol through the sheer lace of his panties.

The delighted smile on his face would certainly be answer enough!

++++++++++++++++ THE END ++++++++++++++++

THE CORSET..... by Nan Gilbert

Quite often during the days when I worked in midtown Manhattan as a lowly clerk in the shipping department, I would go window-shopping on lunch hours along Fifth Avenue where I could feast my tormented eyes on exquisite bits of lingerie or ravishing gowns and furs which were alluringly displayed in the windows of exclusive shops.

How dearly I wished that I could obtain a wardrobe of finery for my very own. But alas! I was in no position to purchase any.

One such lunch-hour excursion found me involved in a fateful event, one which was to change the course of my life. I spied something which was the epitome of luxury and femininity. There, in the window of a small lingerie shop surrounded by exquisite wisps of silken undies, was a black satin wasp-waist corset bedecked with frothy lace and set off with red satin bows.

I lingered there to feast my eyes upon it, oblivious to the suspicious stares of the passersby and fairly twicthing with excited lust. Oh, I <u>had</u> to have that corset! I would never be happy again until I felt it's intimate embrace circling my waist.

Summoning up all my courage, my palms damp with excitement, I entered hesitantly into the shop. When a lovely, elegantly gowned woman stepped toward me to wait on me, I nearly turned and fled. But the lure of the lacy corset was too strong.

With a disarming smile which did little to soothe my nerves, she inquired: "How may

I be of service to you, young man?" Her manner evinced no suspicion of my state of mind or my motives. Nevertheless, I felt my cheeks burn as the blood rushed to them.

"Er ... er ... that corset in the window. The one in the center." There! I'd managed to mention the unmentionable. "My ... er ... sister would like it very much."

"I am certain she would," the lady said. "It is a very lovely garment. May I ask you what her size is? Or perhaps she'd like to have it fitted on her in person." I now was positive she suspected my intentions because of how she emphasized the feminine pronoun. Still, that disarming smile played across her lips.

"I think that she takes a size 30," I said, already beginning to feel better.

"Size 30!" she exclaimed, her tone implying that anybody taking that size was an oddity. "Come with me, young man, and we'll see if I have one in stock!"

I tagged along after her, marvelling at the slimness of her waist, the lovely curve of her hips, wishing that I was fortunate enough to have such a figure. She led me to a glass display case in which there were several bits of intimate apparel and began searching through the rows of white cardboard boxes on the shelf behind the case.

When she turned to face me, she said that she simply did not have that size in stock, but that she would be glad to order it for me. I thanked her for her trouble and started for the door. The corset was

still haunting me. I had to have it! I glanced back over my shoulder and saw the proprietress disappear into a back room and I could not resist the temptation to avail myself of this opportunity. Quickly I reached into the display window and the corset was mine! I tucked it under my jacket and hurried to reach the door, but I nearly fainted when I heard a woman's voice behind me.

"Just a moment, young man!" I found myself paralyzed, unable to move a single muscle, as the tap-tap-tap of her heels thundered in my ears. What was I to do? Had she seen me? Or had she merely found a corset in the size I'd asked for? My mind was in a whirl as I waited for her.

One glance at the empty place in the window was enough, of course, and without a word she went over to the door and locked it, drawing the curtain down over the glass. She turned to face me, a knowing smile on her lips, her beautiful eyes making mockery of my extreme discomfort.

"Now, young man, will you please hand over that corset?"

"What corset?" I asked, pretending surprise and innocence.

"The one which you removed from the window display and are now hiding under your jacket." Her voice was firm and demanding, and my cheeks crimsoned with utter shame as I handed the wispy garment to her with trembling fingers. She took it from mer and replaced it in the window from which I had stolen the accursed thing.

"You know, of course, that I must now summon the police and have you arrested on a charge of petty larceny?" she inquired.

"Oh, no! Please don't do that! I'll promise never to set foot in your shop again. This is the first in my whole life that I've ever stolen anything." It was true. Except for occasionally borrowing my sister's lingerie and carefully returning it, I'd never taken anything which did not belong to me. But I knew this awful woman would not believe me. She's call the cops. I'd be disgraced and would probably lose my job as well.

She studied me for a moment or two and then said, more to herself than me, "Yes, why not? Rather too pretty for a man ... good figure, too ... yes, why not!" I had no idea of what was passing through her mind but it didn't sound promising. Then her face brightened as she said, "I'll not turn you over to the police on one condition ...." Again she searched my face as I looked at her inquisitively.

"Before I explain that condition, I'll wish to have some answers from you." My head nodded eagerly. "Are you married?" I replied that I was not. "Do you live by yourself or with your family?" I said that I lived alone, that my family was far away from New York. "Good! You should do very nicely!" she exclaimed, smiling. "Now I shall give you a choice: You will become a part of my staff here in the shop and help me out in any way I see fit or I shall turn you over to the police." Meekly, I said I would do anything she asked if she would be so kind as to spare me the humiliation of a

run-in with the authorities. But I had no idea what I was letting myself in for.

"Very well, then, come along with me." There was a marked note of authority in her voice. She turned on her heel and walked toward the rear of the shoppe. I tagged along, my mind in a whirl. I hoped that she would not keep me too long, since I was already late in returning to the office where I worked.

We entered a delicately scented office, appointed with an ornate desk, several soft chairs, and a lush carpet on the floor. My eyes searched the walls, which were covered with exquisitely executed drawings of models in tantalizing feminine finery. Some of those wearing them were young boys.

"Now, young man, you will please draw up the legs of your trousers!" Oh, no, I said to myself. She would discover that I was wearing sheer nylon stockings. When I hestitated, she said, "Please be quick about it!" Blushing, I did as she asked, dreading her exclamation of amazement and disgust as she discovered my shame. But instead, she remarked casually, "I see you like wearing women's nylons, just as I suspected. I fancy you are also wearing a pair of frilly little panties, as well?" A gay laugh escaped her lips and I squirmed. "Oh, well, that doesn't matter at present! Here is what I want you to do."

I listened as she instructed me to resign my job, return to my quarters to pack up all my belongings, give up my apartment, and move into hers. What did all this mean? I was so confused I couldn't think straight.

Oh, why had I allowed myself to be put in this dreadful situation? "Very well," she said, "I shall expect you to report to me tomorrow evening at eight sharp. Is that clear?" I nodded. "You may leave now, but remember, I know who you are, so don't try to reneg on our agreement or you will be very sorry you did!" With that threat ringing in my ears, I departed, my mind filled with doubts, fears, and hopelessness.

The remainder of that day and the next day following was spent busily completing the necessary arrangements. I walked the streets in a daze, trying to make sense out of what was happening to me. At eight p.m. I presented myself at Madame's apartment.

I was admitted by a pretty, tastefully frocked young woman who smiled knowingly at me when I gave her my name. "Madame awaits you in the drawing room," she announced, and the odd timbre of her voice made me glance at her a second time. It seemed to lack an expected softeness and sounded like a well-modulated falsetto, but I was disabused of any suspicions as I followed her into the drawing room, marvelling at the wasp waist and undulating hips.

"He is here, Madame!" she announced, leading me to her. I spied Madame sitting in a straight-backed armchair looking for all the world like a queen on her throne. She deigned to greet me with a smile.

"So far, I am quite pleased with you. I demand absolute promptness of my staff. Please come closer!" A wave of relief washed over me. Nothing untoward had happened to me as yet, but I became uneasy again as she surveyed my face and body with a calculating expression in her eyes. It was as though she were mentally disrobing me, and I felt naked before her gaze. I lowered my eyes.

After what seemed to be hours, but was probably only a few minutes, she exclaimed: "Yes, I think you'll do very nicely!" She turned to the young lady who stood silently at her side. "Don't you think so, Alice?"

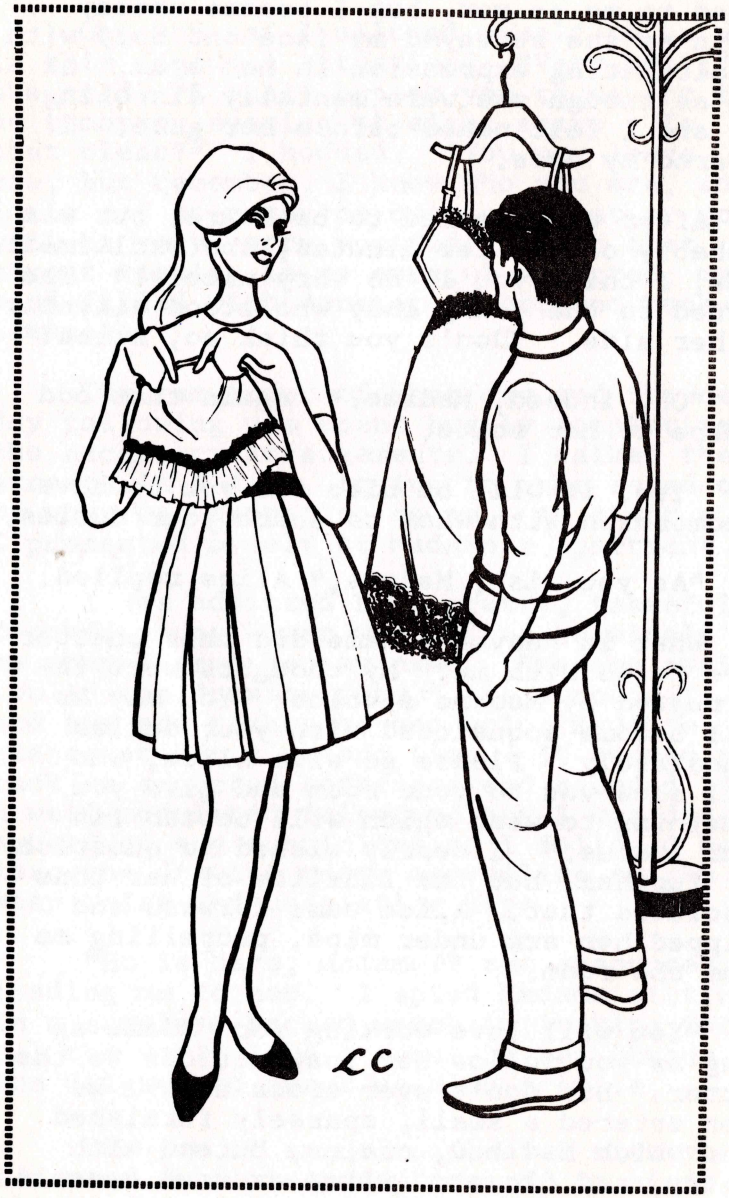
"Oh, indeed, Madame!" Again that odd timbre to her voice.

"Yes, it will be nice for you to have a companion with whom to share your duties."

"As you wish, Madame," Alice replied.

What in heaven's name did this chatter have to do with me? My thoughts were interrupted by Madame's voice: "You may as well become acquainted with your duties immediately. Please go with Alice, who will show you to your room and give you something to wear which will better fit your status." I dearly wished to question her further, but the finality of her tone precluded that. Alice came forward and slipped her arm under mine, propelling me from the room.

"You will love working for Madame as long as you follow her instructions to the letter. But don't ever cross her!" We soon entered a small, sparsely furnished room which had bed, chairs, bureau with vanity, and closet. Alice excused herself to go fetch my uniform. I sat on the bed



to await her return, wondering what she had meant about a "uniform." She returned soon and I now knew what she meant: Her arms were filled with an array of lace- and ribbon-frilled garments. I jumped up, gasping in amazement, and she spread them neatly on the bed, turned to me, and said: "Please undress yourself."

"Do what?"

"Get undressed of course. How else can I help you into your new clothes?" I protested that I would do no such thing, even though I had to admit the clothes were attractive to me. Here I was in a strange apartment, told to disrobe in front of a strange girl so that she might dress me in feminine finery. It was too degrading for words. "Please do as I say," Alice said, "as I am merely following Madame's orders. If you do not obey me, I shall have to inform Madame. And you would regret that."

I bolted for the door, only to come face to face with a very grim-faced Madame. Her eyes flashed in anger. "What is all this nonsense?" she asked. "Are you refusing to carry out my instructions?" I said nothing. "Undress yourself this very instant!" The unspoken threat of dire consequences finally sank into my brain, and I decided I'd better cooperate. Madame sat on the bed next to Alice as I obeyed her commands. When my shoes and trousers were off, she pointed to my silk stockings. "You see, Alice, he knows that silk gives his legs a pretty, feminine appearance." And they giggled when they perceived my pink nylon panties with the gaily ribboned suspenders peeking out from under the hems,

which were frothy with lace. Removing my shirt revealed a matching brassiere, and the two of them laughed out loud. I was getting a bit angry at all this hilarity, for I was proud of my soft skin and hairfree body as well as my exquisite taste in lingerie. I said nothing, however, and the gaity stopped.

"Must I remove my panties, too?" I asked Madame. To my relief I was permitted to retain that shred of modesty, although the thin transparent material offered very little concealment of my maleness.

"Since you seem to have a considerable interest in corsets," Madame said, "you'll now learn the pleasures of tight lacing." I shuddered at the thought, but it was a pleasurable shudder. "Alice, escort him to the fitting room and prepare him."

I followed Alice eagerly as she led me to a small room with a trapeze-like affair suspended from the ceiling. I was told to grasp the bar and hang on tightly so that the corset which Madame was fetching could be laced up properly. When Madame entered, my heart leapt with shock of recognition. In her hand was the very same corset which had proved my downfall the day before. She handed the black satin garment to Alice, then sat back to supervise the proceedings.

Alice removed my brassiere, which was now superfluous since the new corset was designed to cup my breasts and push them up into a reasonable facsimile of femininity. She snapped the corset around my waist and began lacing it in. What had been a 30" waist was soon four agonizing inches smaller

and I felt as though my torso was bisected. After the corset's suspenders were attached to my stocking tops, Madame removed the tiny garterbelt from inside my panties and I was allowed to let go of the lacing bar and assume a more normal stance. The pressure on my sides was so great that I blacked out for a few seconds, and Madame and Alice had to support me to keep me from toppling over. Madame's expression was one of satisfaction; Alice seemed a bit frightened. I smiled wanly as I was led to a couch and allowed to lie down.

I must have fallen asleep, for when I woke, Madame had installed a gaily decorated modesty device, a little sheathlike garment which was designed to keep me girlishly flat in front. I was terribly embarrassed. "Why have you done this to me?"

"It is a badge of your service to me," she replied, and Alice blushed deeply as though she knew exactly what Madame meant. She hastily avoided my eyes with hers. "You may dress Cynthia any time now, Alice," Madame said. It now was apparent that my new name was to be Cynthia. I liked it.

Madame swept out of the room, leaving Alice to her task. She helped me up from the bed, and I found that the pressure on my sides was more bearbale now. Alice began to dress me.

Some time later, I found myself before a full-length mirror, staring dreamily at my reflection. Was it me? Really me? Or some lovely girl hidden behind the glass. A pretty face with ivory complexion, delicately rose-tinted cheeks, pencil-thin eye-

brows, long, gracefully curved eyelashes, a crimson mouth perfectly shaped, and light tinted eyelids. I was dressed in a smart black taffeta maid's uniform, the snug bodice clasping two realistic breasts and emphasizing the narrowness of my waist.

The skirt of my uniform barely reached mid-thigh and flared out prettily over layer after layer of starched petticoats whose lacy, beribboned hems peeked out provocatively with every movement. The skirt was emphasized by the merest wisp of organdy for an apron and a lace cap perched jauntily on top of my carefully coiffed wig. My feet appeared much smaller than the size 8 I knew them to be and were imprisoned in pinpoit-toed black satin slippers with stiletto heels.

Surely I was dreaming, for I could see no trace of my former self in the image in the mirror, except of course when I lifted the front of the skirts to view my nearly transparent lace panties, through which I could see the dainty modesty device. It was somehow reassuring to know it was there.

"Surprised, Cynthia?" I heard Madame inquire. I turned quickly, dropping my skirts, and nearly losing my balance on the high-heeled slippers. Madame was surveying me with a pleased expression on her face.

"But ... but, Madame!" I stammered in embarrassment at being caught enjoying my frilly clothes.

"You should be very pleased, Cynthia, for I must declare your transformation even suprises me!" Madame replied.

Alice remained silent, a sad expression on her face, and I was positive I detected a trace of tears in her eyes. At least she seemed aware of the powerful emotional shock that such a transformation, as pleasant as it is otherwise, produces. But why was she so sad?

Madame seated herself comfortably and lit a cigarette. How I wished that she would offer me one! It would have been so soothing to my frayed nerves. But alas, she entertained no such notion, for she gestured to me to stand before her. It was then that I learned what my duties were to be.

I was to do the tidying up in the apartment, make the beds, prepare the meals. I nearly sighed aloud when she added that Alice would assist me in that department, for I knew very little about cooking.

Another duty was to serve as her personal maid. I thought I detected a glint of mischieviousness light up her eyes as she mentioned this latter task. Perhaps that might prove to be a more pleasant part of my work — for the both of us!

Later on, when I was sufficiently set in my girlish role, I would be used to model garments for her clients in the shop and to help out on sales and other tasks. This I looked forward to eagerly, for it would give me a variety of contacts with the garments I loved so very much.

Finally, Madame beckoned me to follow her to her bedroom suite, where I was to help Alice prepare her for bed. The two of

us waited on Madame hand and foot, helped her to bathe in scented waters, then clad her in an exquisitely beautiful pleated chiffon gown which revealed most of her fantastically lovely charms.

Throughout all this, Alice's face grew more and more morose, and the tears in her eyes trickled down her soft downy cheeks more than once. I wondered what it was that troubled her so.

Reclining on the scarlet coverlet of her bed, Madame bade Alice depart, and she left the room sobbing audibly. I finally got up the courage to ask Madame what the trouble was.

"Why, darling, don't you see? You are taking her place tonight. She's a boy like yourself, and she thinks she is no longer wanted. But she's very wrong about that. We all can live her together in bliss."

"Wanted?" I inquired in all naivete.

"Wanted!" Madame said in a firm voice. She reached out and clasped me to her in a manner which dispelled any doubt as to her intentions.

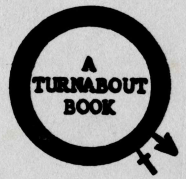
"Oh," I said as I succumbed to her sweet embrace. "Oh!" I exclaimed as I became aware of her fingers roaming over my person, tugging at my lace panties, loosening my modesty device. "Oh ... oh ... oh!"

"Oh, indeed," Madame sighed.

++++++++++++++ THE END ++++++++++++++++++

The Corset

The publishers of TURNABOUT are privileged to present two brand-new stories of transvestism by the author of the famed 'Gilbert' novels:

■ DOUBLE SWITCH outlines the strange fate of Bobby and his twin sister Mary. Their mother decides that Bobby is too rowdy to handle and Mary is too much of a tomboy. She solves her twin problem by dressing Bobby as a girl - and Mary as a little boy, much to their chagrin!

■ THE CORSET depicts the tribulations of a TV who is caught in the act of stealing an irresistable satin corset from a lingerie shoppe. In order to avoid prosecution, he must agree to give up his masculine job and work in the shoppe as an exquisitely attired young woman!